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# EULOGY

ON

MISS ANNA J. GRUBB.

BY

REV. A. MANSHIP.

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# ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

MISS ANNA J. GRUBB,

IN

HEDDING M. E. CHURCH,

FEBRUARY 1st, 1865.

BY

REV. A. MANSHIP,  
THE PASTOR.

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"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

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PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR SALE AT THE CONFERENCE TRACT DEPOSITORY,  
119 NORTH SIXTH STREET,  
AND BY PERKINPINE AND HIGGINS, 56 NORTH FOURTH ST.  
1865.

HAVING been urgently requested by the Superintendent and many of the Teachers of our Sabbath School to publish my remarks made on the occasion of the death of the late Miss ANNA J. GRUBB, inasmuch as their publication, it was thought, would be productive of good; and having received the accompanying letter, signed by four beloved ministers of the Gospel, who were present at the funeral, I have resolved—as it is my business here below to try to do all the good I can—to send the address forth, trusting that those into whose hands it may fall, may be prompted to follow her as she followed Christ.

ANDREW MANSHIP,

861 NORTH BROAD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17, 1865.

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PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15, 1865.

REV. A. MANSHIP,

*Pastor of the Hedding M. E. Church.*

DEAR BROTHER: Understanding that a desire has been expressed for the publication of your Address in the church, at the funeral of Miss ANNA J. GRUBB, we take pleasure in saying, that, having been present on that occasion, and heard your sketch of her Christian character and good works, we cannot but believe that the presentation of her example in print will tend to excellent results.

Yours, in Christ,

GEO. W. LYBRAND,  
T. H. STOCKTON,  
WM. MULLEN,  
C. J. JONES.

## ADDRESS.

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“THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.”—Psalm cxii. 6.

*First. We will glance at some of the evidences that our deceased sister was truly righteous in the sight of God. She was not naturally so.*

“Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace:”

is the language of us all when enlightened by the Spirit of God. Sister Anna felt this to be her case. We now quote her own words in regard to this subject of inward depravity: “I do not think there are many people in the world—no, not any one, who is as wicked as I am. There may be many who commit heinous acts, but I have so many secret sins. O, my Saviour, purge my heart, and make me thoroughly clean and entirely pure.” Realizing that she was a sinner, with a broken heart and a contrite spirit she sought redemption in the blood of the Lamb,

she humbled herself at the foot of the cross, and sought and found pardon.

The subject of this discourse was powerfully impressed with the kind Christian instructions of her pious teachers in the High School, who are here to-day to weep with those who weep. How responsible is the position of the teacher of the youth of our country? Would it not be a most happy circumstance if all could and would teach the science of Salvation in connection with other weighty and important studies? Is not the fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom? Our departed friend often referred with great delight to the Prayer-Meetings held by her teachers of the High School. Her love for Miss H., as well as for the other teachers, was very ardent. She said, in a letter to a fellow-pupil, "Do you not love dear Miss H.? If you do not now, you will when you know her better. She is the one to whom you can go if you are in trouble. She it is who speaks words of comfort."

On the 6th of May, 1863, she first spoke to me on the subject of loving the Saviour. "How unhappy I was that day." She felt as every truly awakened sinner does when he cries out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Notwithstanding her great admiration of her faithful, pious teacher, she did not in the school experience the blessing of salvation, but at home—her own sweet home, she went into a secret chamber, and there poured out her cries and tears, and said to her mother, after spending some time in communion with her God, “I have been pardoned of all my sins.” Full of joy she embraced her mother, and realized the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation. This glorious epoch in her history took place in the beautiful month of May, 1863, though from a youth up she had known the Scriptures, and had been identified with the Hedding M. E. Sabbath School as a scholar. On the 10th of May she joined the church on probation, honorably stood out the disciplinary period, and was read into full membership, in due time being baptized by the present pastor of the church. She was not ashamed of the Saviour, and in this way publicly renounced the pomps and vanities of the world.

Do we want further evidence that Anna J. Grubb was righteous in the true sense of the word?

“Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” How she gloried in doing

this! During a long illness the past year, her mother found her to be a guardian angel. Oh, how ready to watch over and supply her every want, and even when she was in her last illness, which was so brief, while her mother was kindly administering to her, she said: "Mother, I feel as though I ought to be waiting on you, not you on me; this is not my place." Indeed, through life such has been her bearing towards her parents that it would have been impossible for them to cherish for her any other feeling than that of the most profound affection. Devotion to parents is a high commendation to any son or daughter. This in an eminent degree characterized Miss Anna J. Grubb.

*Another evidence that she was truly righteous we find in her devotion to all the means of grace. The church to her was of paramount importance.*

1. She loved the habitation of God's house, and enjoyed the preaching of the word very greatly. She did not go to criticize the minister, and never found fault, but always found much to interest and greatly profit her, and on this point utters, in all her entries in her brief diary, some kind commendatory word. How strengthening this to the ambassador of Christ! In this respect, she is truly an example worthy of imitation.



2. She loved the class-room ardently. No trifling circumstance kept her away. She was favored with a good and faithful leader, and this gave interest to the class-room. She had an additional charm thrown around this means of grace by having with her in the same class her dear grandmother whom she fondly loved.

3. She never neglected a communion occasion. By the side of her mother, grandmother, and other loved ones she used to fervently kneel with the deepest feeling, and with becoming and characteristic modesty partake of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. On the first Sunday in this new year, around this altar, *for the last time* she attended to this blessed command, "Do this in remembrance of me," and says in her diary for that day, "I attended communion, and enjoyed the occasion very much."

*Again, as a proof that our young friend was truly righteous, let us look at her personal consecration to God.* Oh, how earnestly she panted for full redemption! We now quote her own words: "I want to be as nearly like Jesus as it is possible for a mortal, by God's assisting grace, to be." Speaking of God's redeeming plan in Jesus Christ, she says: "What love! Can my

soul comprehend it? My Saviour, let me feel a small portion of it! It will make me very happy. Jesus, endow me with the spirit of humility, and make me wholly thine."

Our departed sister did not express her joy in religion as some do, but in one place, speaking of being happy, she writes: "I feel joy running through my whole being. My heart does praise the Lord, who is so kind to me, the most unworthy of his creatures." And as late as last Sunday a week, the 22d of January, she makes this beautiful entry bearing on the holy exercise of praising God: "O God, I praise thee, I glorify thee, I magnify thy name for thy exceeding great goodness to me, thy unworthy child." Though young, how ripe she was for that rest which remains for the people of God! She says: "I feel such a calm, holy peace steal over me that I do not know whether I am here or not." She was much like the Apostle, who could scarcely tell whether he was in the body or out of the body when caught up into the third Heaven.

*Finally, as a proof that our dear friend Anna was righteous, let me give my hearers an idea of the zeal she felt for the salvation of others.* Though young in years, and not yet two years a practical Christian, how eloquently does she

plead for souls ! For this work she was eminently qualified, as she was naturally blest with a good mind, a most amiable disposition, and favored with a liberal education, having graduated with high honor to herself in the Ladies' High School of Philadelphia, just a year prior to the very day of her death. But above all, as a qualification for good, she had her soul deeply imbued with a Saviour's love. To a friend she writes : " Anna, do you love Jesus ? Oh, the peace, the comfort, and satisfaction that can be obtained by loving Jesus, and giving him our hearts ! I have often felt like exclaiming :—

‘Bread of life, feed me  
Till I want no more.’

“Dear Anna, it is my prayer that this bread of life may feed you as it does me.”

Among her papers, written nearly a year ago, was found one which had in it this paragraph : “I am feeling more than ever before a strong desire to see my friends and companions led to the Saviour.” Thus she did cast her bread upon the waters, and Eternity alone will disclose the good she has instrumentally accomplished.

Again, what solicitude did she feel for her Sunday School children, the scholars committed to

her care. She was deeply interested in the welfare of our Sabbath School in all respects. She filled the office of Treasurer ; indeed she held that position at the time of her lamented death. She was one of our most efficient helpers in our late very successful Exhibition. She says, in regard to her Sunday School class : " Would to God they were gathered into his fold, and he their Good Shepherd and they his little lambs ! How beautiful it is to think of having our blessed Saviour to lead us beside the still waters, and through the green pastures ! Dear Saviour, wilt thou not lead them and make them thine own ? "

Our young friend, in this glorious work, persevered unto the end. The last Sabbath she ever spent on earth was a memorable occasion. The Sabbath School Prayer Meeting, in which she greatly delighted, was more than ordinarily interesting. She says in her Diary, referring to this last Prayer Meeting, in which she ever participated : " I was talking with my scholars, and two of them expressed sorrow for their sins ; I went with them to the altar. Oh ! I hope the impressions may not wear off, but that they may keep on seeking until they find their Saviour, to the joy and comfort of their hearts. "

None but those who are truly righteous could

and would thus labor to win souls. How glorious thus to spend the last Sabbath on earth! Say ye to the righteous: It shall be well with him or her, as the case may be.

*Our Second Proposition is, By whom shall the righteous be remembered?* To this general question we shall not pretend to give an answer. But by whom shall Anna Julia Grubb be remembered?

1. *By her teachers and fellow-pupils of the High School.* They will remember her as a faithful student. She evidently studied to show herself approved, and succeeded in her purpose, and her beautiful diploma can be pointed to by her friends as an evidence of her industry in the prosecution of the arduous studies assigned her. They will not forget her theme on the day of graduation, "Hidden Treasures," which reflects credit upon both her head and noble heart. In her bearing in a religious aspect she will be remembered by them. She was regarded, even before she professed religion in the school, by her teachers and fellow-pupils as a burning and shining light, and her exemplary conduct worthy of being copied; but, after the happy day that fixed her choice on the Saviour, her influence was very

greatly augmented. She was ready to respond to the requests of her pious teachers, and with child-like simplicity occasionally led in prayer, greatly to the delight of both saint and sinner, who attended those occasions of religious worship inaugurated by the pious teachers connected with the Ladies' High School. She was ready to say to her fellow-pupils, "Come thou with us; we will do you good." Some of them have accepted her invitation, and in a good degree, through her benign influence, have been led to the Saviour. At least three of her fellow-pupils, to my own knowledge, within the last twelve months, have been won to Jesus, and are now valuable members of the same Church of which she has been such an honored member. They are here to-day full of sympathy, ready to say—

"Dearest Sister, thou hast left us,  
We thy loss most deeply feel;"

and, bowing submissively to the will of high Heaven, say, "By the grace of God we'll meet you on Canaan's peaceful shore."

The former associates referred to are all effective laborers in the same Sabbath School in which their friend finished her course. So that we can truly say, "The workmen die; but the work goes on."

2. *She shall be remembered by the Church of which she was a most worthy member.* When converted, such was the Catholicity and good feeling of her loving parents (knowing that her dear teacher, who took such a lively interest in her salvation, was a member of another branch of the Christian Church), that they were perfectly willing, had she desired so to do, for her to join the Church of her friend; but her decision was otherwise. She felt attached to the Church of her mother, the Church of her grandparents, and to the Church in whose Sabbath School she had had an early training. She was ready to say: "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God." Hence she shall be remembered, for, at the time she united with this Church, it was passing through darkness; then the tide of salvation and influence was by no means at its flood, but with much propriety it could be said it was ebb tide in all respects. How beautiful to try to strengthen the things which are weak? Since she joined, on the 10th day of May, 1863, nearly three hundred have been added to this Church. Thus, many have gone and done like her. So much so that the throng has become so great that our Sunday evening services are conducted in the

lecture-room simultaneously with the services in the regular audience-room. For this Church she has always felt the deepest solicitude, and has been ready to say from her generous heart—

“For her my tears shall fall,  
 For her my prayers ascend ;  
 To her my toils and cares be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.”

3. *She shall be remembered by the Sabbath School.* Every teacher will cherish her memory, and try to imitate her devotion to her class. We will remember the last Sunday School Prayer Meeting that she ever participated in; how she knelt upon the naked floor by a settee (for the regular altar was full), and with flowing tears and a radiant countenance—I saw her myself—pointing those young hearts to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. The Sabbath School Association showed, in two particulars last Sunday, that it remembered our late fellow-laborer: 1. By indefinitely postponing the repetition of our exhibition, which was to take place on the 22d of February, 1865. We felt like weeping with those who weep; this sad bereavement has thrown a pall over our association. None of us had the slightest disposition to engage in any work where the mind would be diverted



in the least from the all-absorbing subject of salvation. Through respect for her memory, and from the prospect that looms up before us for the accomplishment of good growing out of this calamity, we felt it proper to abandon the idea.

2. By resolving to attend the funeral in a body to its last resting-place, and also to drape the pulpit in the Sunday School room in the habiliments of mourning, and thus show that they remembered her. Yes, while we teach the young idea how to shoot, while we try to lead the children to embrace the Saviour in early youth, and while we rejoice over the conversion of the young immortals committed to our care, we will think of her and say: "She labored, and we have entered into her labors."

She will be specially remembered by her Sunday School scholars. Young hearts are very susceptible; early impressions are very lasting; and this day, while our Sunday School scholars look for the last time upon that amiable visage which reminds us of the passage—

"Ah! lovely appearance of death,  
What object on earth is so fair?"

they will think of the interest she felt for them, and remember their Creator in the days of their

youth. The children will show that they remember her by resolving, while looking to day upon her lifeless form, that they will give their hearts to God, and meet their loved teacher in Heaven, "where parting sounds shall pass our lips no more." The whole school, while standing at the open coffin and open grave, will, in the fear of God, make a vow to consecrate themselves more fully to the work in which they are engaged.

"Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,  
His name to glorify,  
And promise in this solemn hour  
For God to live and die."

*Finally.* She shall be remembered by her large circle of weeping friends and relatives who are present to-day to look upon her loving face for the last time on earth. They can never forget her virtues and her noble traits of character. No, she is daguerreotyped upon their hearts. Her little brother\* and younger sister will feel it to be the highest honor to be like her. Will the fond mother ever lose sight of her in her last

\* Since this mournful occasion took place this young brother of hers has bowed at the altar that she loved, embraced the Saviour, and joined the Church of which she was a faithful member.

fatal sickness? The progress of the disease was observed with intense anxiety by that devoted one, who around her bed did her watchful vigils keep. The daughter did not think herself seriously ill, but the mother and father had fearful apprehensions, and did all that could possibly be done to prevent the evil that is upon us. What would they not have done to save the life of one so valuable? The interested mother, some hours before the death of her loved one, asked her if she loved Jesus. She aroused for a moment and said, in reply: "Yes, I love Him;" but soon fell asleep to speak no more. She died without a struggle or a groan, about 6½ o'clock on Saturday morning, January 28, 1865, in the nineteenth year of her age, beloved by all who knew her. It would have been pleasant for our young friend to be sensible in her very last moments, and give her dying testimony a little more fully for Jesus; but it was otherwise ordered by Divine Providence. But what is more valuable we have a living testimony: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Her kind, loving father will remember her while life and being last. Her precious words relative to him left on record just before her

death, when in perfect health, he can never forget. We now copy her own affectionate, Christian words: "My dear father! if he were only a follower of Christ! It seems I have no greater desire. If he loved Christ fully, though we are happy at home, how much more happy we would be? We would then be united in perfect Christian love. O, Lord, grant these desires of my heart. I know thou wilt, perhaps, not now, but in thine own good time. I will pray with faith, nothing doubting God's word, and I know my prayers will be answered, and I hope it may be very soon."

The blessed Saviour remembered her in death, and will remember in that important hour all the righteous. Yes, faithful to his promises, he comes in death to receive us to himself, and lead us with songs of deliverance to our Father's house. Oh, let us prove faithful; let us be truly righteous like our young friend; then, like her, we will step on the chariot of salvation and wave a peaceful and final farewell to all sublunary things. The upward attraction of love will be too strong for the power of gravitation, and rising from the earth with Jesus amidst a shining convoy of angels, our last militant song may be—

“ Sink down, ye separating hills ;  
 Let sin and death remove ;  
 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,  
 And death must yield to love.”

Our homeward flight will be more rapid than that of a sunbeam. Scarcely shall we have lost sight of these mundane shores before we shall behold the glory of the Heavenly City. Scarcely shall we have ceased to hear the groans and conflicts of earth before our souls will be fired with the shouts of angels and the songs of the redeemed in Heaven. Scarcely shall we have finished taking leave of our friends on earth before we shall be greeted by our friends in Heaven.

It was sad for the friends of our sister Anna Julia Grubb to part with her so suddenly; it is sad for us to-day to say *farewell* ; but

“ Parted friends again may meet  
 From the toils of nature free ;  
 Crowned with mercy, Oh, how sweet  
 Will eternal friendship be !”

Ere this she has met with kindred and numerous friends who have passed on before, and among that number our former faithful Sunday School Superintendent, Brother James F. Miller, her former class leader. He was a most faithful

Sabbath School laborer, and our departed young friend was much attached to him, and was deeply affected by his premature death. In both cases the Providence seemed mysterious, but it is now fully explained to them. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." Now they mutually rest from their labors, and their works do follow them, as set forth in that glorious passage of Scripture: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

"Death is the crown of life,  
Death wounds to cure—we fall, we rise, we reign,  
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies.  
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;  
This king of terrors is the Prince of Peace."

## A P P E N D I X .

WE speak, on page 10, of the deep interest she felt in her scholars. I wish more fully to set this forth by giving letters written to two of her class as late as last December. How well it would be for Sunday School teachers, of all ages, to imitate this devoted young laborer. As teachers, let us never lose sight of the all-important matter of teaching our scholars to love Jesus. Let us say: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me and I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

## LETTER I.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1864.

DEAR MAGGIE:—

Will you not resolve from this hour to be a Christian? I have been praying for you, and my prayer is that God our Heavenly Father may lead you to love him. My dear little girl, do you not think that you ought to love Jesus, who died for you? that dear Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Maggie, dear, will you not strive to love our Saviour some? Oh! that he would incline your heart to love him and serve him. Maggie, it is no dishonor

to be a Christian, to be a little child of Jesus. Just to think of being acknowledged by God as his child, is it not a blessed thought? Oh! it is, and more blessed is it to know that we, that you, a little girl, can be His child.

Dear Maggie, I do want you to love Jesus. Do you never feel like loving him? Sometimes I think that God is too good to us in even permitting *us* to love Him. But to think that *He* loves us, how grateful we ought to be.

Do you know that when a little child is converted all the holy angels in Heaven sing for joy? Will *you* not make those angels rejoice, dear Maggie, and encourage the heart of your Sunday School Teacher, so that she may persevere in giving instruction to you?

Maggie, whenever you want to learn anything of God, come to me and I will strive to show you the way to love him to the best of my ability.

Maggie, it is very easy to be a Christian. Just pray that Jesus will take away your old heart, and give you a new, loving, good heart, a heart from every sin set free. Pray with faith, and it will be granted to you, and then you will be happy.

Maggie, I want you to write me an answer to this letter, and tell me if you want to be a Christian.

Remember, dear Maggie, I will be very, very much disappointed and grieved if you do not write to me. If you love me, dear Maggie, you will do this much for God.



May our Father in Heaven bless you and make you His dear, loving child.

I am your loving teacher,

ANNIE GRUBB.

## LETTER II.

DEAR SALLIE:—

Has it never been your desire to be a Christian? I hope it has, for it is very necessary for you to be one; you who are the eldest of all your sisters, the one to whom they look to for direction.

Dear Sallie, I love our Saviour, and I want you to love Him too, and it is because I do love our dear Father in Heaven that I desire that you should enjoy the same great happiness that I and all Christians feel. My dear girl, it is the easiest thing in the world to be a Christian; just ask God to forgive you for the sake of His dear Son, our Saviour; and, oh! what happiness you will feel. Do you not often feel sorry for your sins? I am sure you do, for I think that there is no little girl, who knows about the Saviour who died for her, but feels sorry when she commits sin, for you know that it grieves our Saviour very much when we do what is wrong.

Dear Sallie, I do hope you will give your heart to your Saviour, and then you know you will be prepared to help your dear grandmother train up those little ones; you can act a mother's part and lead them to love our blessed Saviour, who said, "Suffer little

children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

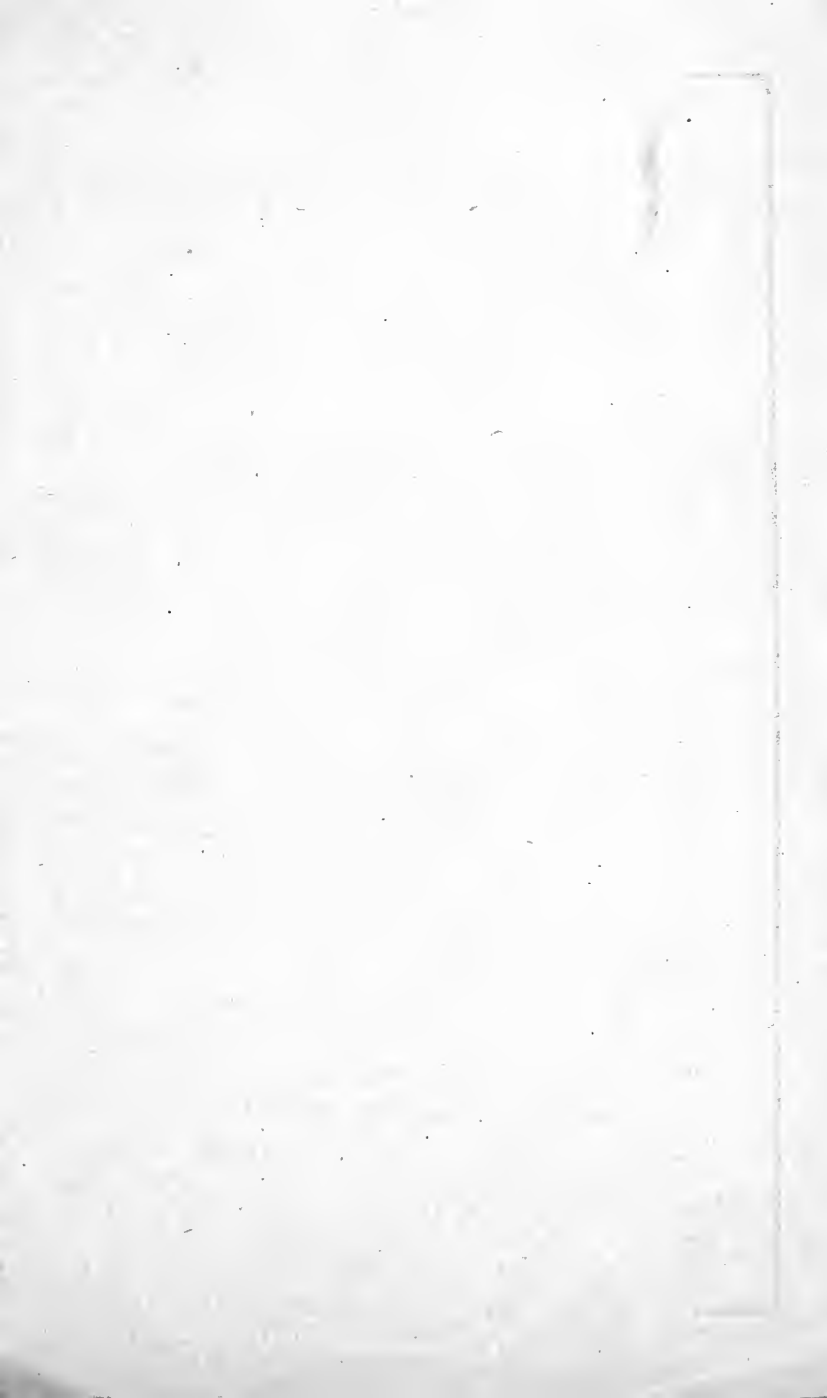
Do you know, dear Sallie, that when any one gives their heart to God, our Saviour is made glad, and the Angels in Heaven rejoice over it? Oh! it would be such a happy thing, if *you* would make those happy angels rejoice, by giving God your heart. Read the Bible often, and that will tell you the way to love God, and come to me, Sallie, for I love you dearly, and will do everything in my power, by God's grace assisting me, to teach you the way to love our Saviour. I have been praying for you, and I feel that you will love God. Dear Sallie, do not grieve God, do not make him sorry, by refusing to do it. It will encourage me so very much, if you will only learn to love God.

Dear Sallie, do not disappoint me, for I will think that you do not love me, if you do. Will you not write to me, if it is only a few lines, to let me know if you want to be a Christian child? It will encourage me, and then I will feel that my prayer is being answered. Please, do write to me, Sallie; you do not know how happy I will feel. You can give it to me next Sunday; think about what I have said to you, read the Bible, and pray to God very often, that he may give you a new, pure, heart.

From your loving Sunday School teacher,

ANNIE GRUBB.

Dec. 10th, 1864.



Among the papers found in the portfolio of the deceased, written by herself, was the following beautiful hymn, described in her own words as "THE HYMN I LOVE."

### THE ONLY REFUGE.

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, O leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

By special request Rev. THOMAS H. STOCKTON stated the above fact. After reciting with touching pathos the hymn, which was most impressively sung by the choir and congregation, this feeble, but excellent and able minister of Jesus Christ offered up a prayer that will not soon be forgotten. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."